



THE
CARELESS BOY

BY MRS. CAMERON

LONDON
HOULSTON AND WRIGHT
65, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



"He held his handkerchief to his face, and appeared as if something disturbed him. 'I am sorry,' he said, 'to be so late; but I have met with a little accident.'"

THE
CARELESS BOY

BY MRS. CAMERON

AUTHOR OF "THE TWO LAMBS," ETC. ETC.

NEW EDITION

LONDON

HOULSTON AND WRIGHT

65, PATERNOSTER ROW.



THE
CARELESS BOY.

HORACE and William lived at home with their kind papa and mamma. William was a very good boy; but Horace had one very sad fault—he did not do as he was bid the moment he was told, and when his papa and mamma desired him not to do any thing, he did not leave off doing it

immediately, but they were obliged to speak to him again, sometimes two or three times, before he paid any attention. He had often been told of this fault, and had often promised to leave it off, but still he forgot from day to day his purposes of amendment.

One morning his mamma called him to her, and she said to him, "Horace, I am going to-morrow to see your grandpapa, and if you would be a good boy, I should very much like to take you with me as well as your

brother William: but I am afraid that you will not do as I bid you, and then your grandpapa will be very much displeased with you, and perhaps will never let you come to his house again."

Little Horace promised that he would be a very good boy: so his mamma said that she would take him.

The next morning the carriage was ordered; and when it drove to the door, William, and Horace, and their mamma, got into it. The door was shut, and the

horses went quickly away; and in a few hours they got within view of their grand-papa's house. It was a very large old house, with an avenue of chesnut trees leading to it, and it stood in a park filled with pretty deer.

The old gentleman was



very glad to see his daughter and her little boys, and William and Horace both behaved very well. That evening they were very much pleased with walking up and down the long rooms, when they were lighted up, and looking at the pictures and the old tapestry. At night, when they went to bed, the old gentleman said to them, " You must be up in good time, my little men; for, if the morning is fine, we are going to-morrow to see some sights which will please you very much."



William and Horace were up very early; and before breakfast was ready they went to walk in the avenue. The grass was crisp and white with the hoar frost, for it was autumn, and the sun, which was breaking through a mist, did not yet

give warmth enough to thaw the ground. On one side of the avenue, but almost hid by the trees, was a high wall; and the children did not know what was on the other side of it.

Now, as they were running about from one place to another, Horace picked up a white stone. "Look," said he to William, "what a pretty stone this is!"

"So it is," answered William.

After looking at it for some time, Horace began to toss it up and down like

a ball, and from doing that he proceeded to tossing it forward a little way, and then he ran after it, and picked it up again: and by degrees he got to throwing it up into the trees and catching it again.

“If I was you,” said William, “I would throw that stone quite away.”

“Why so?” asked Horace.

“Because we have been forbidden to throw stones; and the last time, you know, that we threw any, papa and mamma said that if we ever

did it again, we should be punished."

"Well," answered Horace, "I will put it away in a minute; I will only give one more toss."

"But, dear Horace, that one toss will be naughty."

Horace did not mind what William said, but threw the stone once more; and he threw it higher than he intended, and it went over the wall. "Well," said he, "it is gone now; so I cannot throw it any more."

The little boys thought no more of the stone, for just

then a servant came to tell them that breakfast was ready.

They ran in, and found their mamma making tea. All the other ladies and gentlemen that were in the house were come down; but their grandpapa was not there. William and Horace began their breakfast, as their mamma desired them.

Almost every body had breakfasted when the old gentleman came in. He held his handkerchief to his face, and appeared as if something disturbed him. "I am sorry,"

he said, “ to be so late; but I have met with a little accident. I went into my hot-house this morning to give some orders before breakfast, and while I was speaking to my gardener, a stone fell upon the glass over my head and broke it. Happily, I only received a slight blow on the forehead; but I might have been killed. Some of the school-boys, I fear, have been throwing stones in their way to school; but I shall keep the stone, and make enquiries about it.”

The old gentleman now

sat down to breakfast; and the company were so busy in talking to him, that they did not take any notice of Horace, whose face had turned quite red.

Breakfast was soon over; and as the old gentleman seemed enough recovered from his fright to set out upon their little journey, the carriages were ordered. “Come, William, come, Horace,” said their mamma, “are you ready?”

“Mamma,” said Horace, as all the party were met together in the hall, and the

horses and carriages were driving about, "mamma, may I just go into grandpapa's study, and speak to him before he goes?"

His mamma gave him leave; and Horace went to his grandpapa's study and knocked at his door.



His grandpapa opened the door, and found little Horace there.

“Grandpapa,” said Horace, “will you let me see the stone which was thrown at you this morning?”

His grandpapa shewed it to him, and Horace knew that it was the white stone which he had picked up. Then he said, “Oh, grandpapa! I threw the stone, and I broke the window, and I cut your face! Oh, grandpapa! I have been a naughty little boy; I must not go with you, for mamma said,

when I threw stones again, I should be punished."

Horace's grandpapa knew that he had often thrown stones before. He thought it was right therefore that he should be punished: yet he felt pleased that Horace had not concealed from him how naughty he had been; and he told him so, which was a comfort to the poor child, when he saw all the horses and carriages go away without him.

When every body was gone, Horace went to walk in the park by himself. And

first he went up a little hill, from which he might see the road. Upon the top of this hill there was a clump of fir trees. Here he stood for a long time, watching the carriages on the road a great way off, till at last he saw them no more: and then, being very sad, and not disposed to run about, he sat down upon a rough stone under a fir tree. The sun shone warm for the time of year, but the wind swept gently along the tops of the fir trees. The fern grew high about him; and below the hill the deer were feed-

ing quietly. No sound of living creatures was to be heard but a cock crowing at a distance, and sometimes the flapping of the partridge's wing, as she got up out of the fern.

Many sad thoughts passed in the mind of little Horace. "Ah!" said he to himself, "if I had not been so silly as to throw that stone, I should now have been with mamma and William, and I should not have hurt poor grandpapa." Then he remembered that, if he had attended to what his brother

had said to him, he would not have thrown the stone: and he remembered too how often he had neglected to mind what his papa and mamma said to him, and he felt very sad to think what a naughty little boy he had been. “William is not such a naughty boy as I am,” said he to himself; “but William loves to read his Bible and pray: while I am asleep, William gets up, and he does not say his prayers in a hurry, as I do; and so he is a better boy than I am.” Then Horace felt more sad

than he had done before. At last, a pleasant verse came into his mind, which his mamma had taught him — *Ask, and ye shall have; seek, and ye shall find;* and he said, “Jesus Christ died on the cross for me, and he will help me too, as well as brother William, to be good.” So he knelt down amidst the fern, and he prayed God for his Saviour’s sake to forgive all his past sins, and to help him to be a good boy, and to obey his papa and mamma.

Poor little Horace got up



from his knees, and felt very much comforted; and just that minute he heard somebody calling, "Horace, Horace," and in a minute William came running towards him. At first he was too much out of breath to speak: at last he said, "O, brother!



I am glad to find you here,
for it has saved my running
all the way to the house. I
have got leave of mamma and
grandpapa for you to come
to us; and they are stop-
ping to look at the school
near the park-gate; and I
have got leave to come and

fetch you. So make haste, dear brother, and come: we shall not be back till it is quite dark, and we are to have a very pleasant day."

"Thank, thank you, William," answered Horace; "and I hope I shall never be so naughty a little boy again, and vex papa, and mamma, and grandpapa, but learn to do as I am bid that very moment. You shall teach me to pray, and read my Bible, William."

"We love to play together," answered William, "and we will love to read



together, and to say our prayers together; and then how happy we shall be! But now, brother Horace, away!"

So off they ran, and bounded away as fast as any of the deer in the park.



R E W A R D B O O K S ,
BY
MRS. SHERWOOD.

ONE SHILLING EACH.

LITTLE WOODMAN AND HIS DOG CÆSAR;
and THE ORPHAN BOY.

HISTORY OF SUSAN GRAY; intended to
benefit Young Women on first going into Service.
DITTO, sewed, Sixpence.

HISTORY OF LUCY CLARE. A Companion
to Susan Gray.

ARZOOMUND. A Tale of Hindooostan.

MEMOIRS OF SERGEANT DALE, HIS
DAUGHTER, AND THE ORPHAN MARY. A
Story of Cawnpore.

THE AYAH AND LADY. A Series of Tales
on the Commandments.

THE GIPSY BABES; & SOUTHSTONE ROCK.

THEOPHILUS AND SOPHIA; a Story of the
Province of Languedoc.

EMILY and HER MOTHER; and KATHARINE
SEWARD.

THE STRANGER AT HOME; and INTIMATE
FRIENDS.

HISTORY OF CATHARINE CRAWLEY.

PERE LA CHAISE.

THE INFANT'S GRAVE.

RECAPTURED NEGRO; and BABES IN THE
WOOD OF THE NEW WORLD.

HOULSTON AND WRIGHT
65, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.